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THE OHIO ORGAN, OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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Eventide.

How sweet is the hour of eve,
When the sunbeams have bid us good-night,
And the cares of the day have vanished away,
And the moon bathes the clouds in her light.

The jewels of heaven look down
And smile on the flowers below;
And the elms have made their fantastical shade
On the brink of the stream where they grow.

Soft breezes that bear the flowers' breath,
Are fanning the leaflets among—
The birds are all still, save the lone whippoorwill
Sending forth from the deep woods her song.

How calm is the hour of eve,
How softly the shadows unfold,
The beams of twilight in the bosom of night,
And the clouds that were burnished in gold!

How blest is the hour of eve,
When we silently wander alone;
Our musings are free, as the wild melody
Of the waterfalls' tremulous tone.

Coleridge HILL, 5th Mo., 1853. T. H. B.

For the Ohio Organ.

Medina County, O.

ROSE COTTAGE, May 23th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR: I have been to Ravenna to attend the Woman's Rights Meeting, but that is not what I sat down to tell you about. No one can pass over the distance that I did in getting there; going first by stage, stopping one night, and then again taking the cars and changing several times, seeing all sorts of folks, hearing interests there, without hearing the good cause of temperance talked of much. Yes, sir, it is a reality, that this is becoming the question of our State. Now, I do not suppose I can make any body believe, that woman can labor much in the temperance cause, yet the trifle she does do, should be acknowledged. I find good and noble women in every place, who feel deeply upon the subject; and if they can do no more, they can and do, by a certain womanly tact, throw in a word as occasion requires, which proves powerful, as does always the word fitly spoken. The people of Wooster, as you have heard, passed an ordinance, and their judge pronounced it unconstitutional. But there are noble men and noble women there still at work, determined not to give up the ship. I should be afraid that that judge was a little blind, or fear that his eyes may be a little inflamed, or something of this sort. Now, it is no child's play to embark in the temperance cause in a place like Wooster. Eugene Pardee, Esq., and his wife have done much for this reform in Wooster, and are still brave and firm to the purpose. There can be ordinances made that are constitutional, and the temperance people will try their hand until they have one which can not be set aside by mere quibbles and non-essential phraseology. Now, this ordinance only failed for the amount of one word too much, and that word questionable in its import, pro and con. It appears to me, that a judge who would suffer whisky selling to go on, even for a few weeks, just for so slight a fault in drafting an ordinance, must want his grog badly, but perhaps not. They have lost talent and youth enough in Wooster to make a good judge err rather on the side of justice than immorality. Men who hate this reform, rejoice in this

defeat, and drink and swear, and swear and drink, to revenge. Poor creatures! while they are doing this, that can hurt nobody but themselves, they may be drinking the very cup that shall prey like a vampire upon their vitals and conscience throughout time and eternity. This is the place where one of the most brilliant and promising gentlemen of the bar resided, who recently, on traveling South, jumped from the stage in a fit of delirium tremens, ran for the forests, could not be found during one night's search over hill and valley, nor until the next morn, when he was found dead upon the bank of the river, with his feet in the water, and the bright sun of heaven shining upon his ghastly countenance. Yet men will drink still, and oppose an ordinance because it has a word too much; and if an ordinance does not fail, they will be sure to report, that there is more whisky selling without the corporation, than there was within. Let nobody be frightened at that story. It is set up like a scare crow, not to scare the corn, but to scare men to be corned, that's all. We only learn the true state of the case, when those dark dens of infamy have to yield up their contents, or re-appear in broad daylight. This was so in Medina. One poor miserable creature who would not renounce his evil ways, seemingly fearing neither God nor man, went with his agents of destruction without the limits, and then his work could be seen, as the poor, degraded victims of the still; laborers on the railroad were seen lugging away the fire-water in bottles, jugs and pails, some poor women being so degraded as to go for their husband with pails for the poison. Nobody need to think matters worse, because they have seen for themselves the ill they only imagined before. What a foolish thing Ohio Legislation upon this question has been heretofore. They grant us power to have an ordinance for the corporation; then a law available to extend it over the town. The same necessity that demands prohibition for the corporation, demands it for the town; and the same that demands it for the town demands it for the county, and the same that demands it for the county demands it for the whole State. This our legislators know full well, yet they prove recreant to their duty. I wish the different towns would call county conventions, and all agree to pass ordinances at once where they can, and make clean work of it. But why tantalize us with a law of the kind, that the last Legislature granted, to waste our time and policies. The ladies in Ravenna have done much for the cause. They have been opposed by the drunkard and the professed temperance friend, but they have gone forward, had their meetings, talked about who must be elected, and what the voters must do, and what they thought of such a state of society as rum makes; urged fathers and husbands, brothers and sons, on; made speeches abounding in truth, pathos, wit and good sense; and in

short, carried all before them. The truth is, men have too much to do to attend to these matters, but let the women work, and they will do it all up at one job. Did it depend upon Ohio women to say whether we should have the Maine Law, you could have one shortly. One of the leading temperance men of Ravenna acknowledged to me that the ladies had done more to get the Ordinance passed there, than the men. Go, sisters, and do likewise. Wherever you are, whatever you suffer, or what may obstruct your course, press forward. Don't stop for trifles. Preach temperance at home and abroad; take high ground, make a clean sweep of it in your own houses. Dispense with it in cooking. Do not tempt your hired people with even the sight of it; neither be tempted yourselves, and soon it will cease to be a temptation. M. A. BRANSON.

How the Law Works.

A GREAT HAUL!—Levi Briggs, sheriff of this town, being in Rutland on Wednesday last, was informed of the movements of certain individuals who had hired a team and left town in the direction of Whitehall, and whose supposed intention was to bring liquor back with them to Rutland. Mr. Briggs went to Rutland Center, and kept a bright look out for the convoy. At 2 o'clock on Thursday morning it hove in sight, in charge of three men. Mr. Briggs kindly offered his services to take care of the liquor; but one of the men, not wishing to enter into any arrangement with a man of Mr. B.'s profession, took to his heels. The others were "agreeable" to Mr. B.'s propositions, who took the liquor in charge, amounting to something over a hundred gallons. The liquor "handed" got no fadder, so it will be given up to its mother, who lives all over town.—Vermont Exam.

ANOTHER.—One day last week there came to the Clarendon depot two barrels, one marked "Spirits Turpentine," and the other "Burning Fluid." Mr. Stewart, who represented the town in the last Legislature, chancing to see the barrels, and suspecting roguery, had the matter investigated, when it was ascertained that the barrels contained "spirits of turpentine" and "burning fluid" in earnest. The liquor was seized "as the law directs." Shortly after, two men came from Wallingford, and on learning what had occurred, swore worse than our army ever did in Flanders, but ignored the liquor. One of them is the same who had his liquor destroyed in Wallingford. The good people of Clarendon thought they acted queer for people that "don't know any thing about it." The liquor amounted 97 gallons, which must go where it designed to put others.—Brandon, Vt. Post.

FALSE HAIR.—An article in the London Quarterly Review says, that the imports of false hair from the Continent into England amounts to five tons annually, the black hair coming from Brittany and the South of France, the light from Germany.

A PAINFUL SCENE.—The following scene occurred in the Mobile City Court, on Tuesday, March 5, Daniel Case convicted of murder, was called on. "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?" He answered: "May it please your Honors, I have been well raised. But I have one fault, which I have yielded to, and it is drinking too much. I came to this city to seek honorable employment. I have been on the St. Charles at work. I was engaged to work on a boat. On the night of the murder, I went ashore to a friend's house to write a letter. I wrote the letter, and wanted to carry it to the post office, but was advised it was too late, and I had better go and take a game. I went and played my first game of dominoes. I drank and became intoxicated. My friends left me. I started as well as my very imperfect memory of what occurred serves me, for my boat. I would to God some human eye could have seen me, and borne testimony here of what occurred. I cannot recollect it, or any thing that occurred afterwards that night. When I first awoke in the morning I thought I was in the boat, but I found I was in the guard-house. I never harbored malice. I could not be guilty of the offense of which I am convicted. Before God I am innocent of murder. I could kiss the corpse of that man now." The Judge then passed sentence on the prisoner—Confinement in the penitentiary at Wetumpka during his natural life.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—A little fatherless boy, of four years of age sat upon the floor, surrounded by his toys. Catching sight of his mother's face, as the tears fell thick and fast, he sprang to her side, and peeping curiously in her face, as he put his little hands in hers, said "you've got me!" (Simple, artless little comforter!) Dry your tears, young mother. There is something left to live for; there are duties from which even your bleeding heart may not shrink! A "talent" you may not "bury;" a stewardship, of which your Lord must receive an account; a blank page to be filled by your hand with holy truth; a crystal vase to keep spotless and pure; a tender plant to guard from blight; a mildew; a drop that must not exhale in the sun of worldliness; an angle from whom a "white robe" must be made; a cherub in whose hands a "golden harp" must be placed; a "little lamb" to be led to the "Good Shepherd!"

"You've got me!" Aye! Cloud not his sunny face with unavailing sadness; lest he catch the "trick of grief," and sigh amid his toys. Teach him not by your vain repining, that "Our Father pitieth not his children!" Teach him to love Him as seen in sky and sea, in rock and river! teach him to love Him in the cloud as in the sunshine! You will have your gloomy hours? there is a void even that little loving heart may not fill, but there is still another and He says,

"ME ye have always!"

FANNY FERN.